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THE McCALL COMPANY, 220 N. 3rd St. NEW YORK

The Stone Gods

By Temple Bailey

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

The Garden of the Stone Gods was set in the midst of a high city, but so high were the walls that surrounded it that it was cut off from the sight of outsiders, and the noise of traffic came faintly to the ears of Rosamond, as she sat day after day by the fountain working fairy webs of lace on a cushion, as she had been taught in a convent far across the seas.

So many years had she dwelt in the convent that she seemed less an American girl than a foreigner, and now that she was buried here in this strange old garden, she seemed to live in a dream life far removed from that of the girls, who, on the other side of the walls, went back and forth on gay modern quests of shopping and motoring, golfing and riding.

Once an airship had whizzed overhead, and the beat of its motors had come down to them faintly.

Rosamond's uncle had looked up into the skies and had said, fiercely, "Can we never get away from modern horrors?"

But Rosamond had looked up at the big airship, sailing over their heads like a huge silver dragonfly, and then down at the impossible stone gods which surrounded the fountain, and had sighed.

Rosamond hated the stone gods, and she yearned inexpressibly for the life that other girls led.

One day outside the walls she heard a voice singing. It was a man's voice, strong and sweet, and the song was a love song.

In her quiet garden, Rosamond had heard little of love. Her uncle had never married; he hated women.

The song, as it floated out on the spring air, seemed a call to Rosamond to come out and be free.

So she left her lace pillow and ran to the end of the garden, and climbed from the stone bench to the low



Sitting on the top of the wall

branches of an old apple tree, and thence to the broad top of the wall, and peeped over.

Beneath her was the man who sang. His hat was off and he was down on his knees behind a big red motor car.

Rosamond watched him eagerly. Sitting on the top of the wall she sighed for the things which were forbidden her. Though the sigh was low, the man beneath looked up. It was as if her desire had drawn his eyes toward her.

His bright smile shone out as he saw her. "Beg pardon," he said, as he rose to his feet; "I'm in an awful fix. Do you think there's anyone in there who can help me out? I'm a doctor, and I've got to get to a patient as soon as possible."

"Oh," said Rosamond quickly, "I'll see." She ran at once to her uncle's study. There she told her breathless story.

"There's a doctor outside, and his motor car has broken down, and— and he wants help to fix it—"

"How," her uncle demanded, "did you know?"

But Rosamond went on, unheeding. "It would be cruel to keep him waiting—when he is needed at a sick bed, wouldn't it?"

"He might have one of the horses."

The young doctor, mounted on one of the big blacks, was a gallant figure. Rosamond never forgot how he looked as he rode that morning out of the big gate and into the sunshine.

When he came back Rosamond was in the garden bending over her lace work.

He took it out of her hands and looked at her keenly. "You ought to be riding the big black horse," he said abruptly. "You will be a perfect shadow maiden if you shut yourself up in this dark old garden."

The color came into Rosamond's pale face until she was as vivid as a flame. "Oh, I hate it here," she said, with her little hands clenched; "I hate it."

"Then why do you stay?" he asked gently.

"Uncle had his heart broken when he was a young man," she said, simply. "He loved a woman who married another man. My father broke my mother's heart—so my uncle does not believe in marriage. He kept me in a convent until I was eighteen, and two years ago we came here. He has always lived in India, and

he loves the stone gods which he brought from there, and he has put them around the fountain, and I have to look at them every day—"

He took her little trembling hands in his strong grasp.

"Look at me," he commanded, and she raised her eyes and met his steady glance. "Listen—I am going to set the fairy princess free from the enchanted garden. But she must let me do it in my own way—and trust me—will she?"

"Oh, yes," she breathed.

Every day after that he came. Rosamond did not know what power he used to charm her uncle, but the older man grew eager for talks and arguments with the young doctor. They lunched together and dined together, and every day Rosamond sat at the table content to listen, and meet the glance of the steady eyes which seemed to say, always: "Trust me."

And she did trust him, even when one day he went by her with averted head as he passed through the garden on his way to his motor.

At lunch she had the key to the situation. "I have thought sometimes," her uncle said, restlessly, "that the doctor looks at you as if he loves you—it would be a calamity if he should learn to care for you, Rosamond."

Rosamond's own heart beat furiously, but she said carelessly: "He scarcely notices me at all, uncle."

The next day the doctor came early to the garden. "I must speak to you before your uncle comes," he said to Rosamond, who had arisen at his approach. "I love you—I want you for my wife—but I don't want you to marry me in order to escape from bondage. You must know love, child, before you leave your garden."

Rosamond's eyes drooped before the adoration in his. "There—there is one man with whom I could live always in my garden," she whispered.

He bent to hear her. "Tell me his name," he commanded, then caught her in his arms as she whispered, "You—"

"I can't carry you off like a thief in the night," he said after a rapturous moment. "I shall have to beard the lion in his den, dear."

"He'll never consent," she said, fearfully.

"Wait here for me, my Rose," and he kissed her and went away.

Ten minutes later in the dim study two angry men faced each other.

"If you do not give your consent I shall run away with her," the doctor said steadily. "You are killing her—if not physically, at least mentally and spiritually—no girl can live constantly with your old gods and survive."

"Tomorrow she goes back to India with me," said the raging guardian. "You cannot take her away from me. I love her too well to have her hurt."

"Yet you are hurting her. There is no ache like a heart-ache. Surely you know that, sir."

The old man stared as if he had been stung, then covered his face. "I want to save her," he said.

"Then let her love and be loved."

The younger man came over and put his hand on the bent shoulders. "All that you would have been to the woman you loved, I will be to Rosamond. Can I say more than that?"

The face that was raised to his had in it renunciation, combined with hope. "Make her happy," quavered the old man.

STERN INDICTMENT OF EAGLE

According to Prof. Collett of Indianapolis, the National Bird is Nothing to Admire.

Prof. Collett, of Indianapolis, the great Hoosier naturalist, says that there is a good deal of poetic humbug about the eagle and that there isn't anything noble or inspiring about him. He is not only the biggest thief of all feathered thieves but he is the cruellest.

His special delight seems to be to attack and torture the most innocent of creatures. He will capture a lamb, tear out the eyes of the bleating little thing and watch the agonized movements of his victim with unmistakable gloating.

When the lamb gets so weak that it can't exhibit agony any longer the eagle will catch another in the flock and subject it to the same treatment. One eagle has been known to mutilate as many as 10 lambs in a flock in this way, frightening the ewes and even the most pugnacious rams and keeping them at a distance by his harsh cries and fierce flapping of his wings. The biggest eagle that flies will not attack any animal or thing capable of showing resistance.

It is all bosh about the eagle disdain to dine on anything it hasn't itself vanquished and killed, declares Prof. Collett. The bald eagle will settle down on and make a meal off as vile carrion as will any buzzard that ever scented a dead horse on the plains.

Properties of Metals.

As is well known, some metals are unsuitable for casting, while others, like iron, can readily be cast in any desired shape. The property of casting well is said to depend upon whether the metal contracts or expands on solidifying from the liquid form. Iron, like water, expands in solidifying, and hence the solid metal may be seen floating in the liquid iron about it. The expansion causes it to fill the die into which it is poured, and so it can be cast easily. Gold and silver contract in cooling, and, therefore, are not suitable for casting.

Hopkinsville Market Quotations.

Corrected Feb. 14, 1912

RETAIL GROCERY PRICES.

Country lard, good color and clean 12½c per pound.

Country bacon, 12½c per pound.

Black-eyed peas, \$4.00 per bushel.

Country shoulders, 10c per pound

Country hams, 18c per pound.

Irish potatoes, \$1.60 per bushel.

Northern eating Rural potatoes \$1.60 per bushel

Texas eating onions, \$1.75 per bushel

Red eating onions, \$1.75 per bushel

Dried Navy beans, \$3.25 per bushel

Cabbage, 4 cents a pound.

Dried Lima beans, 10c per pound.

Country dried apples, 12½c per pound

Daisy cream cheese, 25c per pound

Full cream brick cheese, 25c per pound

Full cream Limberger cheese, 25c per pound

Popcorn, dried on ear, 2c per pound.

Fresh Eggs 35c per doz

Choice lots fresh, well-worked country butter, in pound prints, 30c.

FRUITS.

Lemons, 25c per dozen

Navel Oranges, 30c, 40c, per doz

Bananas, 15c and 20c doz

New York State apples \$5.00 to \$6.00 per barrel

Cash Price Paid For Produce.

POULTRY.

Dressed hens, 12½c per pound

Dressed cocks, 7c per pound

live hens, 10c per pound; live cocks, 3c per pound; live turkeys, 13c per pound

ROOTS, HIDES, WOOL AND TALLOW.

Prices paid by wholesale dealers to butchers and farmers:

Roots—Southern ginseng, \$5.75 lb

"Golden Seal" yellow root, \$1.35 lb

Mayapple, 3½; pink root, 12c and 13c

Tallow—No. 1, 4½, No. 2, 4c.

Wool—Burry, 10c to 17c; Clear Grease, 21c. medium, tub washed, 23c to 30c; coarse, dingy, tubwashed, 18c.

Feathers—Prime white goose, 50c; dark and mixed old goose, 15c to 30c; gray mixed, 15c to 30c; white duck, 22c to 35c, new.

Hides and Skins—These quotations are for Kentucky hides. Southern green hides 8c. We quote assorted lots dry flint, 12c to 14c. 9-10 better demand.

Dressed geese, 11c per pound for choice lots, live 5½

Fresh country eggs, 25 cents per dozen

Fresh country butter 25c lb.

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HAY AND GRAIN.

Choice timothy hay, \$18.00

No. 1 timothy hay, \$17.00

Choice clover hay, \$16.00

No. 1 clover hay, \$16.00

Clean, bright straw hay, \$5.00

Alfalfa hay, \$18.00

White seed oats, 55c

Black seed oats, 55c

Mixed seed oats, 48c

No. 2 white corn, 55c

No. 2 mixed corn, 55c

Winter wheat bran, \$26.00.

Chops, \$3.50.

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